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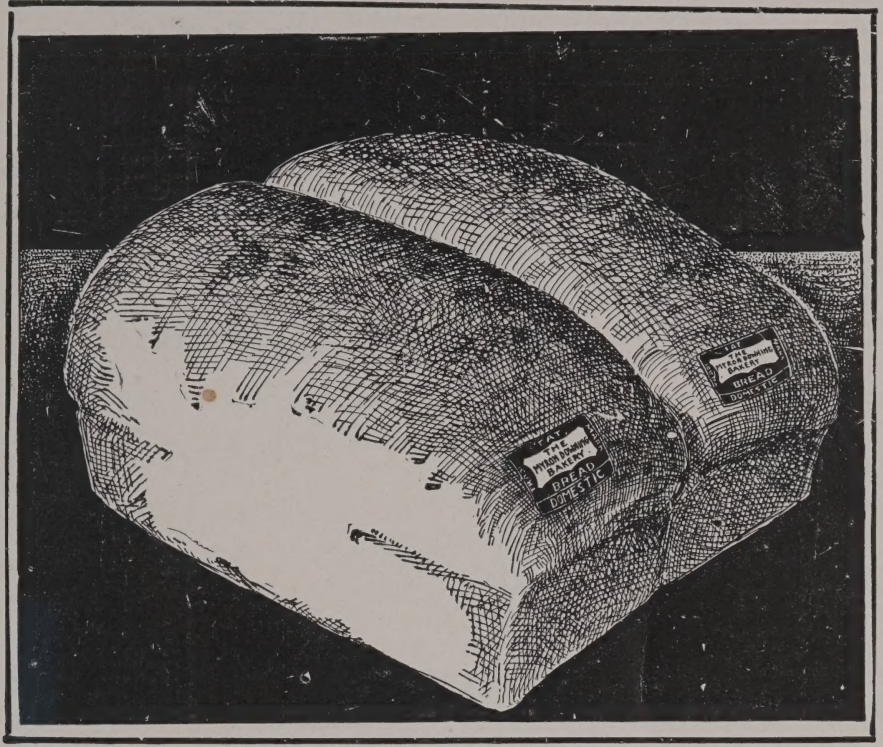

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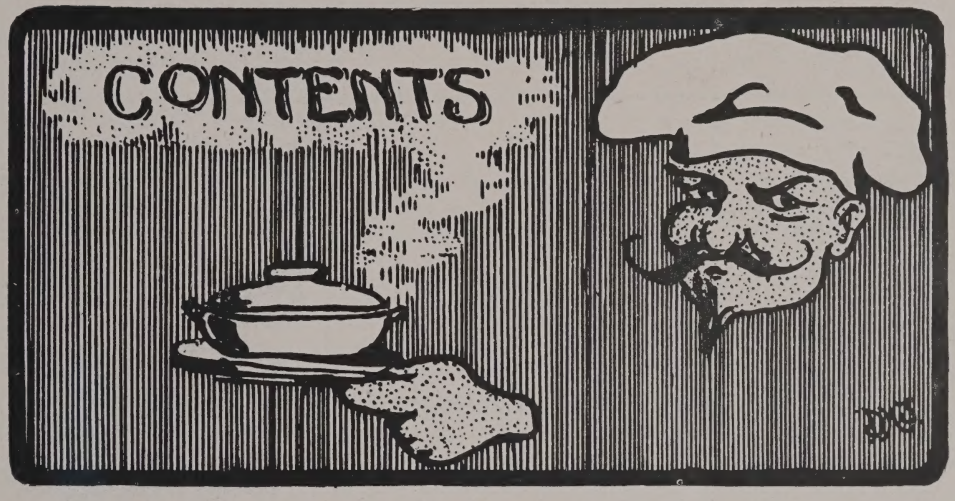

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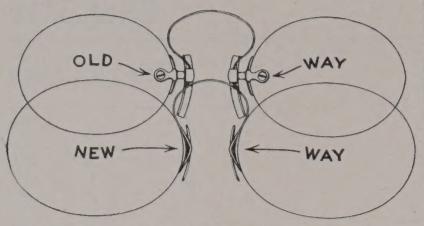

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GOLDEN, THE HATTER.

Tomaso.

Tomaso Litagua was a small Fillipino citizen of Malabuyoc Cebu. Old Litagua was a trader and possed a parota, a big canoe provided with a sail, and bamboo outriggers. His parota had capacity for four or five people and perhaps a ton of freight. He traded hemp cloth, read calico, cheap jewelry and kerosene for cooutchouc and coir along the coasts of the neighboring islands.

Tomaso, up to his twelfth year, had been staying at home, so he was glad to go with his father and mother on a trip down to Misamis, on the island of Mindinao, although a Filipino town, is on the border of the Moro country; and Moros and Filipinos, though of the same race, have always been implacable enemies. For the former are Mohammedans, and the latter Roman Catholics.

It was warm golden summer weather and the Litagaguas journeyed lazily along the coast, past some of the most beautiful scenery imagineable, for the inter-island trips in that region are unsurpassed for vivid tropical color and contrasts.

The towns at which they stopped, were as a rule, clusters of brown nipa shacks on stilts along crooked streets, a dozen Filipinos stowed away in a single shack and as many dogs, bobtailed cats, dirty goats, chickens and razor-backed hogs on the ground beneath as could collect there.

The natives came in crowds down to the boat, slim, lazy little brown men, in immaculate white suits; women dressed in hemp, with loaded baskets on their heads, and babies perched upon their hips; children in scanty attire, or none at all; all eager to see the travelers and to hear the news.

The disagreeable part came one day when a sudden violent tropical storm came up. The steering paddle was broken, and they were finally tossed ashore on the edge of a wilderness. What was worse, they had no sooner climbed out upon the ground, than a band of Moros attacked them, and, after killing old Litagua and his helper, took prisoner Tomaso and his mother.

They camped upon the scene for the night, and Tomaso lay under the sky, cold, hungry and in mortal terror, with the body of his father in sight, and his mother sobbing her heart out beside of him. He was helpless, and his captors were very strong an cruel, and he knew that he would be a slave for life. Pity is unknown to the Moro. Before daybreak, when it was gray and damp, the Moros and their captives ate a breakfast of rice and dried fish, sitting on the ground around a fire, and then started on a dark, tangled trail through the forest. The trees, richest of hard woods, rose to a giant height, and from their limbs, pendant vines, rooting in the soil beneath, made an almost impenetrable wall on either side. Troops of monkeys chattered in the tree tops, many-hued birds, with discordant notes flashed overhead, swarms of insects pervaded the air, and Tomaso knew that giant reptiles lurked within the gloom to right and left.

Tomaso had a good chance to observe the Moros. He had heard a great deal of them, for the Filipinos are mortally afraid of them and often beguile the evening with tales of their feroc-

ity and cruelty. Both men and women dressed in the same fashion, wrapped in bright colored surongs and had heavy black hair coiled around their heads, with a serape, or scarf over that in turban fashion. They all carried immense kampilons, spears and keen krisses, which they handled with marvelous dexterity as Tomaso had just had good cause to note. The men were fearless and cruel fighters and the women almost equally so. One Dato, or chief, called Romain, wore brass armor, and was the chief of the party. He was accompanied by half a dozen wives, ranging from twelve to sixty years of age. Men and women all chewed nut and ground shell, and as a result, their teeth were in frightful condition. They were a sullen lot, and Tomaso's opinion of them did not improve, especially after one or two beatings.

They journeyed for several days through the forest, and at last arrived on the shores of a beautiful lake, surrounded by mountains. This they skirted for another day, arriving at a large cota. This was the palace of the sultan, named Taraca, to whom Romain traded Tomaso's mother for an American gun, with which to shoot Americans. The next morning the party resumed their journey through the swamps on the shores of the lake, and a little before night-fall, arrived at Romain's own cota. Here Tomaso was accorded a scanty supper, and allowed to stow himself as best he could, in the darkest corner of Romain's dirty, ill-smelling shack.

Poor little Tomaso! Instead of the Angelus of his own church,he heard the barbarous Moro tom-toms, and later the wierd chanting of the Mohammedan priests, as the new moon arose slowly in the east. Instead of his mother's good-night caress came the horrible thought that she was being abused and beaten by the merciless old Taraca, that her heart was breaking for him, and that he would probably never see her again. Instead of the comfortable sense of his father's protection, came the recollection of that father's mangled body on the sea-shore. For himself, he could look forward to nothing but a life of cruel slavery.

The next morning, Tomaso, dull and tired, was sent to work in one of Romain's rice fields near the shore, and from that time on, toiled daily at that, or in carrying wood and water. The dialects of the Malay tribes in the Philippines are all derived from a common root and if one has a good ear for languages, and the command of one of the dialects, he can easily learn all the others. Tomaso after a couple of weeks at Romain's cota was able to understand most of what the Moros around him had to say. Across the lake, some eight miles away, he could see a cluster of white specks, perched on a yellow bluff, with a dark green conical mountain for a background.

From fragments of the Moros conversation he learned that it was an American camp. Tomaso had heretofore entertained no more love for the Americanos than had most of his people, but now it suddenly occurred to him that if he could reach their camp it would mean liberty and protection to him. He schemed and planned on a way to escape, and finally concluded that his only hope lay in getting there by water.

One dark night when the wind was favorable, he managed to creep out of Romain's shack, and creep on hands and knees to the lake, where he climbed into one of the smaller canoes that lay on the beach, and picking up one of the paddles that lay in it, he pushed off toward the flickering lights on the other side. Every Filipino boy of twelve

years knows how to paddle a canoe, but the eight miles journey across the lake sorely taxed Tomaso's strength, and but for the helping wind, it is doubtful if our fugitive could have reached that distance before daylight, which was absolutely necessary to escape capture by some of the Moros living to the right and left of the American camp. Just to go away from the proximity of those hateful captors was a relief; Tomaso's courage rose as the distance between them and himself increased, but he did not spend time rejoicing. He was too intent upon reaching the American camp in the shortest possible time. Just before dawn the boy beached his boat out of earshot at one side of the sentry post, at the camp landing. He stood still a minute, thinking out his plan of action.

A dense forest ran from his left up the slope to the main camp, and next to this was a footpath, to the right of which was grass higher than a man's head. Tomaso guessed that a wagon trail must lead to the landing where the sentry was located, but he also rightly guessed that this road would be patrolled by soldiers, and feared that if he went that way, the patrol might fire upon him under the supposition that he was some marauding Moro. He accordingly chose to brave the terrors of the dark, narrow path, next the forest until he reached the main sentry line surrounding the camp itself, and this he did.

When he reached the summit of the hill he found that the grass had been cut short for about a hundred yards outside the sentry line, which was marked by lamp posts the lights of which were so arranged, as to illuminate this cleared district, but left the sentry line in darkness. Tomaso had sense enough to realize that if a native were to be seen crossing this cleared space, at this time of night, he would most certainly be fired upon. Yet the terrors of the dark forest and the possibility of some prowling Moro would not permit him to remain where he was. So dropping prone upon the ground, and listening for the footsteps of the nearest sentinel he waited until he felt sure that the soldier had passed him, when he slowly and cautiously crawled towards the line, stopping and lying flat again in the first hollow that he came to, until the footsteps had again passed by. Continuing this manouvre, he presently reached a slight depression that ran diagonally across the sentry line. This he cautiously followed up, until he arrived within a few paces of the line itself. Here he lay in that side of the hollow moat which was most in shadow until the sentinel had again passed to the far end of his beat. Then swiftly and silently Tomaso darted across the line into the darkness of the other side

Reaching the nearest row of tents, he crept through it, until he reached one with boxes and garbage cans piled up behind it. Tomaso had found the refuge for which he was so eagerly searching. He crept into a large box fille dwith excelsior, and fell happily asleep.

(To be Continued.)

Betty's Sir Lancelot.

"I won't do it, and that's all there's to it. Mother ought not to have given me a doll for a present. I'm not a baby, to play with dolls. I won't do it, I won't I won't I won't!"

This was sobbed to an accompaniment of furious rocking to and fro.

In the midst of her weeping, Betty suddenly remembered a story, related to her by a schoolmate, of a girl who had cried and cried, until her cheeks had become so swollen, that her very eyes could not be seen. In great trepidation she hurried over to a mirror which hung on the wall and scanned her round and freckled face anxiously. But to her relief, she saw that except for a slight redness of the eyes, no alarming symptoms were visible. However, she deemed it better policy not to cry any longer, but instead, to find some way of amusing herself. As she looked around the room, her eye fell on the bookcase and especially, on a little, red-covered book in the corner. It was "The Little Colonel's House Party," a book which she had read more than once, but which, as she now looked at it, began to take on a new import. Taking the book from its place, she turned the pages over excitedly, until she came to a certain much-bethumbed part, and here she began to read. As she read, she nodded her head several times, as if in approval. After a few minutes she closed the book with a sigh of content. She felt very much satisfied with the plan she had just now conceived.

Betty's plan necessitated a visit to the garret, which was of the ideal kind all boys and girl's delight in. It was full of chests; great, clumsy affairs. which contained veritable wealth of the most dainty, exquisite gowns and elaborate dress-suits, each of which spoke eloquently of days gone by, and of events that might have been long forgotten, but for their impeachable evidence. Contrary to her usual custom, Betty did not linger reverently over these relics of dead age, or weave delightful impossible romances out of every little article, no matter how commonplace, but instead, betook herself to an unromantic nook, which sheltered a small, ordinary looking trunk. The contents of this she proceeded to empty with a ruthless hand, putting everything into hopeless confusion, until she found a large black piece of cloth, and a little tissue-paper bundle.

Holding tightly onto her spoils, Betty tip-toed her way cautiously to the kitchen, although she knew it was the cook's day out. Here she found a thin, oblong sheet of copper, which she had seen the plumber leave the day before. She also took possession of some nails, a pair of scissors, a needle, and a spool of thread. All that was now lacking to insure the success of her plan was a dog and a box. Her brother was let into the secret, having first sworn a solemn oath that he would not breathe a word of it to anyone, and he, by dint of alternate pleading, flattering and bribing, promised to give her the loan of his dog, Bob. A box was easily obtained by dumping the cakes of soap it contained on the floor.

And so, flushed with her exertions, but triumphant, she retired with all her articles, and Bob, to the privacy of her room, and from a corner behind the bookcase, she brought forth a beautiful doll quaintly dressed in old fashion.

Betty first started to work on the

wooden box. Taking some of the black cloth, she covered the outside with it, tacking it firmly down at each corner. T he same obliging brother who had lent her Bob, now bored two holes in the front of the box. Out of the remaining cloth, she sewed a sack, and tried it on the struggling and protesting dog, but of course it would not fit. Betty was in despair, until she had another idea. By cutting four holes in the cloth, into which Bob's feet could go, she found it fitted him nicely, if somewhat loosely. She then debated with herself what to do with the bit of cloth still left, and finally decided to make a cap of it for Bob, and fasten it around his neck with a black ribbon. This decoration completed, she opened the tissue paper packet, and took out of it a false, white beard, some white cloth and a few other trinkets. From the white cloth, Betty made a dress for the doll, simply by pinning the goods together in loose folds which were intended to be classic in effect. The white beard, Betty thought would just do for Bob, and so she tied it around his chin, although he soon shook it off, so that it hung around his neck. Then, putting all her belongings (including Bob, who blinked in amazement and bewilderment at the strange proceedings) on her brothers cart, she started for some woods near by, whistling merrily as she went.

On arriving at the woods, she tied Bob to the now-black box by means of the long, black silk ribbon. The doll in all her classic splendor was placed in the box, and in her right hand Betty placed a common water-lily, and in her left hand a piece of paper. Over the doll, she put the sheet of copper and bound it to the box with strong cord. She then viewed the result with great pride and satisfaction.

"If that doesn't look like Elaine, I'd like to know what does," she said, to herself. "I don't know if its exactly right about Bob, though. He's the dumb aged servitor, and although he's old, and of course, dumb, I don't see how I could have made him row, for the book has him row; but I guess pulling the boat will do almost as well. And that box certainly makes a beyew-ti-ful bier and who would have thought that a sheet of copper could make such a glistening cloth of gold, but it does, and from afar no one will know it's only copper. That waterlily, too, is as good as a lily, and my spelling lesson makes a beautiful letter."

Meanwhile she had come to a little brook, and calling Bob over, she set him and the "bier" into the water. As it went up the stream, she quoted gleefully, "And the dead, oared by the dumb, went upward with the flood."

Just then Betty heard steps behind her, and started guiltily, for there stood her mother and sister watching her in dismay. They stood as if petrified in their surprise. They looked stupidly from her to the departing dog and box.

At last her mother recovered from her surprise so far as to exclaim sharply, "Betty! what does this mean!"

"It means," Betty explained excitedly, "that Elaine is going to Sir Lancelot, her lover, and she's dead, dead." and then to their further surprise, she quoted:

"Then rose the dumb old servitor, and the dead,
Oared by the dumb, went upward with the flood—
In her right hand, the lily, in her left
The letter—all her bright hair streaming down—
And all the coverlid was cloth of gold
Drawn to her waist, and she herself in white
All but her face, and that clear-featured face

Was lovely, for she did not seem as dead,
But fast asleep, and lay as though she smiled."

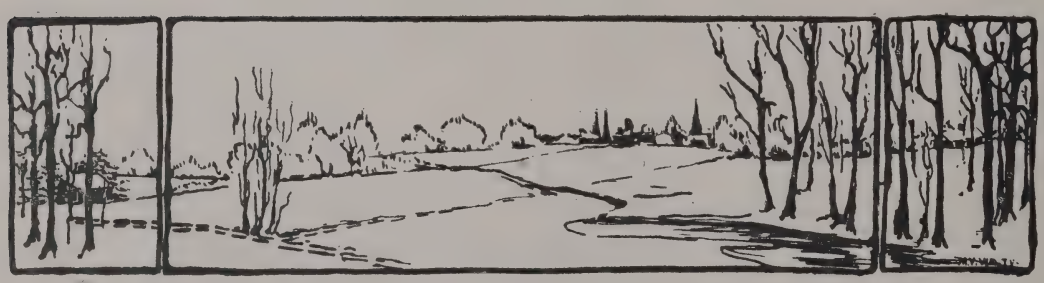
"Ve-very good," said Betty's mother weakly. And then she laughed and laughed as though she never would stop. To think of Betty, mischievous tom-boy Betty, quoting Tennyson! It was too much even for Betty's dignified sister. And then when they looked at the departing box, and poor Bob struggling manfully on in the water, they laughed again. Not so Betty, she did not see anything funny in the matter.

"But, Betty," said her sister teasingly," where is your Sis Lancelot?" Where, indeed, was he? It was only too true. Betty had neglected to provide a Sir Lancelot to whom the "dumb, aged servitor" could bear the fair, lifeless maiden of Astolat, Elaine. She had had a vague idea that he would turn up some way or other, but now—

"Pst! hurry up," commanded Betty, "Quick, get behind that tree, anywhere!" As she spoke, she commenced nimbly to climb a tree, while her mother and sister, too amazed to do otherwise than obey, got behind it. From her retreat, Betty called down excitedly, "There he is! I knew he'd come. There's Sir Lancelot! there he is! Look!" They did look and what they saw was a man in overalls picking up the fair Elaine from the ground, where Bob had thrown her when he landed and handing it to a little girl with him. They saw the child clap its little hands in glee and although they could not hear the words she was saying, they could very well imagine.

"Ma ,aren't you glad?" the young person in the tree called impulsively.

The mother hesitated and then with unwonted tenderness, she replied, "Yes, dear." And even the young lady sister echoed the words.



Jack Faringuay--Murderer

There was the deuce to pay in the main office, no man was equal to the job. Bronson, the best of them all, the "old timer" of the "Tribune," had flunked. He couldn't draw out a story try as he might. The prisoner was reticent to the point of dumbness.

The "old man" snarled. Had he ever before failed to get the biggest and best scoop of all? He sent out Jamison. The latter, likewise, went, saw, and failed. The murderer was unapproachable, he said, he had sent out all his dangling, juicy worms, but the fish wouldn't bite.

Bud Gaynor looked up from his Oliver keyboard upon which he had been painstakingly tapping a half column "copy"—a graphic description of the Playground movement and its benefits to the children of the poor. He got up, looked half boldly, half shamefacedly at the lounging bodies of the reporters, and walked guiltily to the "old man's" desk. "Mr. Hawkins," he said respectfully, "may I try."

There was an oath and a crash as a huge hairy fist came banging down on the rickity desk. "You? Good Lord! When the old men failed do you think I'd put on a cub like you?"

Gaynor choked back his temper for the atmosphere was heavy with the scoffing laughter of the men. "I only asked the permission to try, sir," he answered quietly.

"Well, by — oh, go ahead. It won't hurt you to get some of the damn conconceit knocked out of you."

Gaynor took his hat and left hurriedly, followed by the discouraging cries of his co-workers. Outside he paused, sighed, and girded his loins for the task ahead. He was a raw cub, he assured himself. And why indeed had he reason to believe that a middle-aged murderer would care to give the much coveted "story of his life" to a pink-cheeked youngster like him? But hope sang high and he tingled to have a try.

Gaynor fancied he saw a sarcastic smile upon the lips of the night guard who let him into the cell of the most notorious men of the hour, Jack Faringuay, murderer. But he was not unnerved. The heavy steel door closed behind him and he found himself alone with this fellow-man, who was to be executed and who had refused to respond to the most wheedlesome men who had ever tackled a scoop. Bronson and Jamison. Surely his was a difficult undertaking.

Gaynor, hand outstretched, approached Faringuay, who sat with his strong arms folded across his chest and his long legs sprawled before him. "Three times and out," he said cheerfully. "They decided you were sick of the graduates and thought they'd try the kindergarten on you."

The man looked up, a queer surprise lighted his eyes. Gaynor was good to look at, a keen, alive youth with clear, gray eyes and a frank, clean cut visage, and there had been a cheery comrade note in his voice as he tried his poor jest.

"Sit down, sonny," he said almost gently.

Gaynor's heart leaped.

"I reckon I'll talk to you, sonny," he continued cordially, "bet you're just aching to get a first page write up that will tickle the "old man" so that you can get on. Slow business at first, newspaper work, ain't it? I know. I tried it once myself." He

paused a long while and looked keenly at the young fellow beside him. Here was a kid, he thought, with the wild, fanciful ideals and dreams of youth. He wanted to talk to an understanding fellow-creature. He was going to die and he yearned for comradeship.

"Well, son," he said after a while. "I suppose it's a story you're hankering after, not a lot of moonings. But you see," he laughed harshly, "I feel like mooning. I cash in my checks tomorrow and its Hell to know you are going to die."

Gaynor's mouth was open now, his eyes had widened. With victory in sight, he had lost all his diplomacy and tact. He kept telling himself that he must listen carefully.

"Yes, I'm talking now, only for Heaven's sake, don't take any notes, it won't go. Well, a fellow that's in facing distance of the end, kid, wants to loosen up some of the secret things about himself—his old hopes and dreams, maybe. Of course its true that measuring your achievments with your aspirations is a pretty depressing business, but none the less, even the worst of us like to look back and think hard. You're just a kid, I suppose you dream big. We all do when we are youngsters. Maybe I could tell **you.** It's boiling hot inside me and I'd like to get it out of my system. Excuse my being personal, kid, but there's a look about that mug of yours that I like. Yes, thank Heaven, I can talk to you.

"As for the story of my life, why they all know that I reckon, the year I was born and all the rest of the plain facts about me are well known in this community. Why they even brought up things in that trial that I had forgotten about. They know all my comngs and goings and everything but my dreams. And now, if you do your duty they'll read a great part of them in tomorrow's paper. Only say, kid, if I get too raving on one strain kind of change things a little when you write it up, will you. There's a good chap."

It was dark in the cell but the man had stopped Gaynor's attempt to make a light. He leaned over and gripped the young fellow by the shoulder.

"Ever had a mother, kid," he asked abruptly. "Know how it feels? Well, I was a grown up kid before I ever had one, one that counted, I mean. Remember when I was down in Kentucky sick with fever? They hashed all that over in the trial, mind? Well, that's when I really came up against a mother's love and learned the wonderful sweetness of it. It was just about twenty-five years ago and I was a kid of eighteen." He paused and the grip on Gaynor's shoulder tightened.

"You see, kid," he continued, "I reckon I'd been starved all my life for a little of the tenderness that goes with a mother's love. And when I was down and out and burning sick with fever it came to me. And because I was starved, I reckon I was over indulgent when I could feast, for I'm afraid my intensity hurt her sometimes. But sometimes I felt I recalled some old wild part of her girlhood, for she, at times, would look strangely at me, with a little quick intake of her breath. But oh it was sweet, lad, it was sweet! She nursed me in that measly hospital till I was well of the raging fever. And then she took me to her clean little home. God knows why. I guess her heart was kind of aching for something she couldn't have and I kind of filled in the chinks a little. I was a black sheep kid, full of the devil and everlastingly following the will-o-the-wisp Wanderlust that raged within me. But she filled me with a longing to be square, and to see poetry in the sounds and smells and sights of the world.

"I'd always had a sort of a hope that somewhere in the world there was a mother-heart that could love me. I had yearned for that in a strange, dream-like way. And so I called her "Dream-mother" and she called me "son." It was good to hear that name from her lips, it rolled out like the sweetest sort of music in my ears. And I've never felt the pang of home-sickness deeper and keener than when she yearned me to her breast in that last "Goodbye" years ago.

"You see she was all I'd ever cared for then, and I can't ever feel that the loves that came later matter that much. She made her home a peace haven for me. Her husband had gone away on a long journey when I was with her. She had a couple of little youngsters of her own. They are grown men and women now, I suppose." He paused.

"Well," he continued with a short laugh that cut like a chill wind. "I've knocked about the rest of my life and gone the limit in the end. My existence has been pretty full of knocks and bumps and all the rest of it. I've never amounted to much and sometimes I don't feel worthy of having such a "Dream-mother." But I only wish it were'nt to end this way.

"But, look here, kid, I'm not being a sport. By Heck, I'm not living up to my part of the bargain. Its a story you're after. Well, I killed the dirty skunk and I'm going to be hung. You all know why I killed him. There wasn't any power in the world strong enough to keep me from it, if there had been I'd have been kept for the belief that that little old wrinkled lady (as she must be now) is alive and believing and trusting me is the greatest "moral probe" on earth.

"Why, sometimes at night, son, I've lain awake talking to her. She comes like a sweet haze, breathing of violets. I can even imagine I hear the rustle of her skirts and feel the gentle, caressing touch of her hand. Sentimental? Why bless you I'm a regular old bluberer, me, the hardened murderer, Jack Faringuay.

"I said there had been other loves in my life. There were several. Another chap—a pal of mine, and of course a woman. Every man has, some time in his life, loved a woman, it's plain nature, unless he's a fool. She was very beautiful and all the rest of it, but she couldn't understand. It was better that our little love dream didn't last long. Unrequitted love is a bitter tablet to swallow, but, thank the Lord, He made us strong and nervy.

"When the crash came I took a run up to see the Little Mother, but she had gone away. Write? yes, I write every month on a special date, dear to us. But she can't answer any more for her right hand is on the hummer. But I write anyhow. And if I romance a little in those letters it don't hurt anything, and maybe it makes her feel good to think her son has done well. Yes, I've written 'Goodbye' to her, only I didn't tell her the facts as the world knows them. Kid, we oughn't to hurt the people who love us, it ain't square."

He stopped again and the silence lasted so long that Gaynor thought the man had forgotten him. But at last he roused himself and drew out a thick packet from his pocket. "Mail this, will you, Sonny," he asked, "It won't hurt anything. And listen here, Son, remember that the mother—women are the best of God's creatures. Lordy, be good to them. Son, they are darn worth it."

Gaynor gulped and gripped the old fellow's hand impulsively. "Thank you," he said, "You're, darn it, man,

you're all right.''

''Bless you kid'' said the other, and with that they parted.

\+ + + +

Hours later Gaynor formerly the much-scoffed-at cub of the ''Tribune'' office, emerged from the office after writing a long ''fake'' story, melodramatic in the extreme, concerning one Jack Faringuay, murderer. A story which had caused the ''old man'' to blow his nose repeatedly, and incidentally to raise Gaynor's salary.

Gaynor stopped at a post box, and, by the light of an overhanging lamp, read the address on the thick letter entrusted to him.

''My God,'' he said, ''Mother!''

Yack Dud Sus.

''THE HIRED GIRL'S PSALM OF LIFE.

(With apologies to Longfellow for the use of his ''Psalm of Life.'')

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
''Working out is just a snap,
For the hired girl never slumbers,
'Cepting when she steals a nap.

Life is real, life is earnest,
Cleanliness is just our goal,
Dusting ever, dirt returnest,
Everything as black as coal.

Not enjoyment, or not sorrow,
Is the end we want to get,
But to act, that each tomorrow,
Finds us doing dishes yet.

Throngs of company remind us,
Of the dishes we have done,
And departing, leave behind them,
Still unwashed—another ton.

In the ''Madam''s'' modern kitchen,
On the floor of slippery wax,
Be industrious and toiling,
Be not slovenly, or lax.

—Tenrag.

THE CALDRON

Published monthly during school year by the students of the Fort Wayne High and Manual Training School, at Fort Wayne Ind.

Entered as second-class matter February 2, 1910, at the post office at Fort Wayne, Indiana, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

STAFF

Editor-in-chief.....Enid Johnson
Assistant Editor.....Helen Caldwell
Business Manager.....Donald O'Rourke
Assistant Manager.....Charles Worden
Literary Editors.....Kenneth Lane, Margery Pickard, Marguriette Bicknel, Lucy Jacquay, Garnette Lenhart
Illustrating.....Wayne Bell
Log.....Don Jones, Phyllis Randall, Howard Wilkens
Joks.....Myrtle Greater, Julia Swier
Society.....Dorothy White, Martha Tolan
Exchange.....Mergel Giles, Alfred Kettler

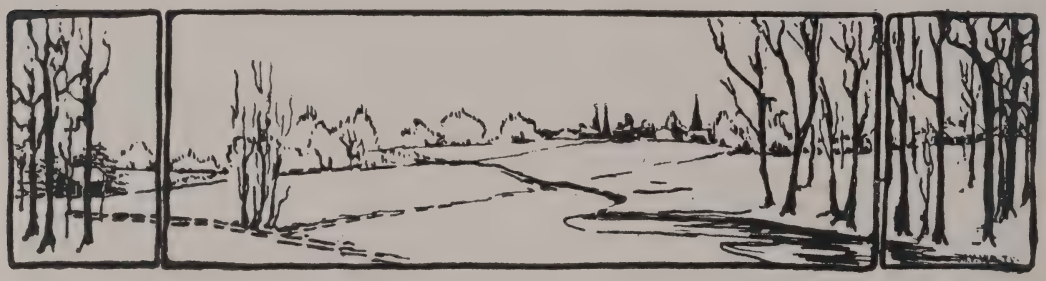
It is with great reluctance and only because grim necessity dictates that we mar the pages of the first edition of our Caldron with such a tale as this. It seems that, within our midst, we are fostering cheats. These individuals choose to make the Caldron suffer for their despicable practice—the Caldron, which they should, had they any school spirit whatsoever, revere and do all in their power to aid and maintain, Without more ado,—within the time allotted the Caldron staff for the getting together of the Caldron "copy" two cribbed stories were handed in, directly or indirectly to the editor. One was taken in plot and construction from a novel well known to all of us, still, there is some reason to doubt that the writer was aware of this. We, being large of faith, prefer to believe that this story was unintentionally "cribbed." As to the other, however, there is no doubt. It was copied word for word, sentence for sentence, from a story which appeared in the Caldron in 1907.

Thanks to one of the members of the staff the purloined stories were detected before the Caldron went to press. saving us the harsh and deserved criticism which would have been given us had we printed them.

Students, such an occurence is a disgrace and a blot upon the integrity of the whole school. Shame be it said of the literary ability of the school if we must plagiarize in order to have enough material for stories. Far better were it to send the Caldron storyless to the printer than to have the brand of "cheaters" and "cribbers burnt upon us.

We can command no words which completely expresses our utter disgust for the individual who placed that "cribbed" story in the Caldron box. He is a disgrace to the school and a menace to the community in which he lives.

Let us take heed so that the result of the felinous practice of cribbing may find no place on the pages of our paper. Then may we look with unsuspicious eyes upon the Caldron material and our faith in the trustworthiness of the student body may be reestablished.



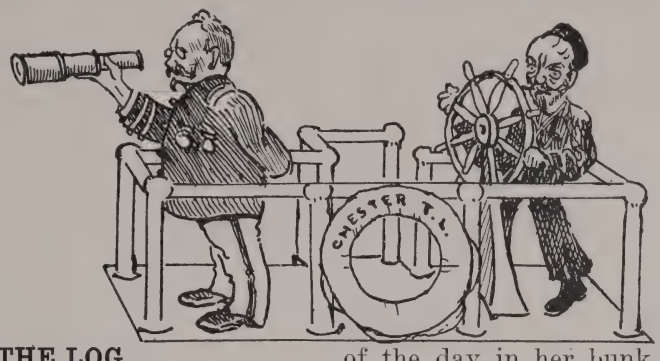
THE SAME VIEW, BUT—

Two people once sat, in the woods,
With their backs 'gainst the opposite
side of a tree;
Now the one was a man, and the other
a girl,
That they'd quarreled, it was easy to
see.

The man's face was set, till 'twas
harder than flint
And his dark eyebrows met in a frown,
As he muttered through teeth that
were clenched on his pipe,
"I was right, but I'll have to back
down."

Her face showed the signs of a storm
that had passed,
In her mouth and trembling chin,
While she murmured in accents still
choked with her tears,
"I was wrong, but I will not give in."

M. K. B.



THE LOG
Of the Good Ship "Chester T. L." Being an Official Record of her Voyage of 1910-11.

Sept. 12. The good ship "Chester T. L.," named after the pilot, sets sail with a great number of passengers and various mates, second mates, chief cooks, stokers, stewards, and cabin boys.

Sept. 16. Got under way with little excitement. Slight hurricans blow up from the flunker's section, and we realize that the time for study has come. Little serious trouble promised before the end of the month.

Sept. 23. First cabin passenger, who calls himself Eics misses his chair as the boat gives a lurch. He will be supplied with a gravity chair.

Sept. 24. Worden walks Johnny Plank out of cabin 22, and is picked up two days later drenched and water logged with the essence of remorse.

Oct. 3. Third mate Purfield in Cabin 18 is unable to suppress mutiny among first cabin passengers, who, according to him, should be in irons, below decks, on half rations. None of the suspects heaved over.

Oct. 3. Hulbert a passenger of the steerage, seemes to think he is cabin boy. At least we see him lurking arond the pilot house for a whole half-days at a time.

Oct. 4. H. Caldwell appears for inspection at four bells, and spends rest of the day in her bunk.

Oct. 5. Pilot's mate Van Kahlden says he woud take shore leave to celebrate Mardi Gras if he were not on a diet. All his classes join in making the remark "Drat the diet."

Oct. 7. Several passengers take voluntary shore leave, and spend the next day with Pilot Lane.

Oct. 10. A steerage passenger who goes under the name of Cremone Lochraine, is put in chains for deserting the ship.

Oct. 12. Stewards McCormick and McMillen report signs of high seas and hurricanes about the end of the first month out. They have been known, however, to make wrong observations before this.

Oct. 13. Beginning today, Music-master Miles will hold bi-weekly song-fests amid-ships. All those not wishing to join this class, will please have their voices cracked (by parents if not pos sible any other way).

Oct. 14. Pirate Von Kahlden threatens to drop certain passengers to the fishes if they do not cease shirking their work.

Oct. 17. It was remarked today, that Hartt, the ship's mascot, is the cutest in years. The mascot last year was a young ostrich.

Oct. 18. Sea-sickness, caused by the rolling of the ship on account of threatening tests, is quite prevalent.

Society

The Junior Jig was held Friday evening, October 28th, at the Grand Dancing Academy.

—:—:—

The Alpha Omega girls have a progressive "eat" Saturday evening, October 29th.

—:—:—

Miss Virginia Olds gave a dinner September 23rd in honor of her guest, Miss Gertrude Furst of Chicago.

—:—:—

Miss Vesta Thompson delightfully entertained October 10th in honor of her birthday.

The Qui Vives gave a "spread" Saturday evening, October 29th, at the home of Miss Jane Merriweather.

—:—:—

The young people who went to college or boarding school this year are Miss Elizabeth Porter to Bryn Mawr, Miss Mildren Bowser and Miss Helen Curdes to National Park Seminary, Miss Nellie Wilt to Birmingham, Pa., Marshal McKay to Wabash, Ewing Bond to Michigan, William Moffat to Hanover, Walter Fishering to Earlham and Rosco Zook to Armour.

"When you are grown up," queried the visitor, "will you be a doctor, like your father?"

"O, dear me, no! Why, I couldn't even kill a rabbit," replied the boy with great frankness.

—:—:—

Miss Kolb:—The Iroquois Indians were, originally, divided into five nations. How did they become six?

George Somers:—Took in another one.

—:—:—

"Who gave the bride away?"

"Her little brother. He stood up right in the middle of the ceremony and yelled, Hurrah, Fanny, you've got him at last!"

—:—:—

"The doctor said he'd put me on my feet again in two weeks."

"Well, didn't he do it?"

"Yes, he did, indeed. I had to sell my auto to pay him."

Cook (walking down the street): "Dear, dear: how my heart beats! There must be a barracks or police station somewhere near."

—:—:—

"What is the meaning of the word tantalizing?" asked his teacher.

"Please ma'am," spoke up Johnny, "it means a circus procession passing the school and the pupils not allowed to look out."

—:—:—

'Rastus—"Mighty mean man I's wukin fer."

Rufus—"What's de mattah?"

'Rastus—"Took de laigs off de weelbarruh so's I kain't sit down and rest."

—:—:—

Enid Johnson at Staff meeting:—Every student would buy a Caldron if he had the right kind of class spirit.

Chas. Worden:—And also the spondoolix.

EXCHANGE

In a recent number of the "Penant", a paper published at the Lebanon High School, the Exchange editor proposed an excellent plan which we of the Caldron will be very glad to help carry through. The plan was that the high schools of Indiana enter into a school paper contest. The writer goes on to suggest that each school , publishing a paper, should send a representative copy of their paper to some "competent critic," the idea being to ascertain in some way which of the high schools is fostering the best literary and artistic ability.

Our staff read of this in your paper, Penant, with much approval. We should suggest that you, as promoter of this plan should send a letter to the editor of each shool with which you exchange in order to bring the plan before the notice of the various staffs more forcibly. And another thing, do you not think that the critic should live in another state than Indiana so that he would be in no wise prejudiced? We have all heard of the high school at Springfield, Mass., where "Current Events" is published. Would not the head of their literary department, for instance, be a "competent critic?"

Let us again repeat that "The Caldron" heartily approves your plan and will co-operate with you in any way it can.

A would-be wit, metting a fat farmer said, "If all flesh is grass, you must be a load of hay."

The farmer replied: "I suspect I am, from the way asses are nibbling at me."

—:—:—

Miss Kolb to Don Jones:—I don't care whether you arise or stand, personally.

I arose with great alacrity
To offer her my seat;
'Twas a question whether she or I
Should stand upon my feet.

—Ex.

—:—:—

H. Winters (explaining the following passage in Macbeth: O, I could play the woman with mine eyes.)
"Well I suppose he could wink his eye."

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men and women
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"Are you seasick, Dear?"

"No, I think not," replied the daughter, "but I'd hate to yawn."

"Tommy Jones, what was there about Geo. Washington which distinguished him from all other famous Americans?" asked the teacher.

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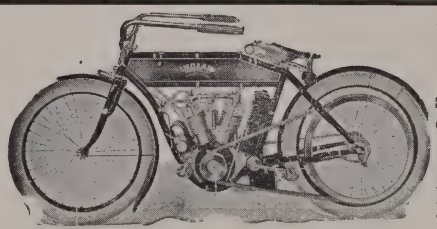
"Listen to the peal of the organ," said the wit as his room-mate rubbed his sunburned nose.—Ex.

Teacher—What are the children of the Czar called, Tommy?

Tommy—Czardines.—Ex



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E. Johnson in Hist.:—S y o x (Souix) Indians dwelt in the Alleghenies.

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—:—:—

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—:—:—

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—:—:—

Few exchanges have been received so far, but we welcome those that have come and hope that they will be received regularly.

—:—:—

Lesbian Herald, Frederick, Md.,—Your paper could be greatly improved by adding an exchange column.

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